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Jan P.L.

Dec. 1903.

PRIZES AND PROXIMES.



PRIZES AND PROXIMES

FOR

PROSE AND VERSE TRANSLATION

WITH SOME

Original Poems

BY

Contributors to the "Journal of Education."

"One would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string :
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner here and there."

—TENNYSON.

LONDON

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P R E F A C E.

A PREFACE is generally hard to read, and always hard to write. The Editor ventures therefore to reprint what he said last year in introducing a similar volume, entitled, "Prize Translations, Poems, and Parodies." It only remains for him to point out one or two differences which are also, he trusts, improvements. Several Prose Translations have been interspersed. Fewer alternative versions have been admitted. Some Translations and Original Poems, which were likely to have suffered a nine-years' imprisonment, not for the reason that *Horace* gave to his young friends, but because of the *res angusta* of the *Journal*, have obtained their *Habeas Corpus*. The multitude of translators is no guarantee of wisdom, but it is satisfactory to observe that the interest in the Translation Prizes has not flagged, and that for the "Golds and Reds," whose score is here printed, nearly 1800 arrows have been discharged—not all in vain, though here unrecorded. It only remains for the Editor to thank his Friends, the Contributors, who have so

generously given their help, some anonymously or semi-anonymously, as G. E. D., and the author of "Betsy Lee;" some whom he is allowed to name, as Mr E. D. A. Morshead, Professor Jebb, Mr James Rhoades, the Rev. James Robertson, and Mr and Mrs Tollemache.

During the past year (1880), a Prize of Two Guineas has been offered monthly, by the *Journal of Education*, for the best Translation of a French or German Poem. Out of the versions sent in for competition, nearly a thousand in all, the Editor has selected each month the best three or four, and printed them in the *Journal*, and he now presents them in a more permanent form. That in each case the competitors, or even the outside public, will endorse his award, is not to be expected. Tastes are sure to differ, and on the very canons of translation widely different views obtain. All that the Editor can plead is, that he has spared no pains in weighing rival claims, and has tried to hold the balance evenly between the literalists and the paraphrasts. It has been no easy task to provide each month a poem of suitable length, translatable, worth translating, and hitherto untranslated. Though all these conditions may not always have been fulfilled, and though in the multitude of translators there is no safety against failure, yet the Editor may fairly congratulate himself on the success of his experiment. He has provided a new amusement, almost as popular, and at least as profitable, as double acrostics. He has, moreover, introduced to many readers of the *Journal* some French and German poems well worth knowing, as only a translator can know a poem; and he thinks the public will agree with him that they have been studied to some purpose, and are not unworthily presented in an English dress.

To the Translations are added a few Original Poems that have appeared in the *Journal*, and a few Parodies and Epigrams for which extra Prizes have from time to time been offered.

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Proem.

FROM dusty class-room, dull "At home,"
From work or leisure wearier still,
We turn aside to see them gleam,—
The flowers of the immortal hill!
To breathe, one hour, the air divine—
To taste the poets' mystic wine.

Songs of the old world and the new,
Voices of man, and sea, and mountain—
Some sound from German forests dark,
From Ilse's fairy home and fountain—
And some like restless sunbeams glance—
Shot spark-like from the heart of France!

And these in unknown English air
Stand somewhat doubtful of their greeting—
Fair songs, be comforted! the Muse
Abideth, though all else be fleeting.
And, if our hands have done you wrong,
Forgive—we erred through love of song!

—E. D. A. M.

HELDENTOD.

Morgenroth,
Leuchtest mir zum frühen Tod?
Bald wird die Trompete blasen,
Dann muss ich mein Leben lassen,
Ich und mancher Kamerad!

Kaum gedacht,
War der Lust ein End' gemacht.
Gestern noch auf stolzen Rossen,
Heute durch die Brust geschossen,
Morgen in das kühle Grab!

Ach, wie bald
Schwindet Schönheit und Gestalt!
Thust du stolz mit deinen Wangen
Die mit Milch und Purpur prangen?
Ach, die Rosen welken all'!

Darum still
Füg' ich mich, wie Gott es will.
Nun, so will ich wacker streiten,
Und, soll ich den Tod erleiden,
Stirbt ein braver Reitersmann.

—HAUFF.

BY MISS LUMBY.

Morning ray, Morning ray,
Dawn'st thou on my dying day?
Soon rings out the trumpet's flourish,
In the battle-fray shall perish
 I and many a comrade brave.

Hardly known, hardly known,
Pleasure came, but soon has flown.
Proudly rode they yester morn,
Who, to-day by bullets torn,
 Shall to-morrow find a grave.

Like a breath, like a breath,
Grace and beauty perisheth.
Cheeks may dazzle with their brightness,
Purple spread on milky whiteness,
 Soon those roses fade and die.

Calm I bend me, calm I bend me,
To the fate that God shall send me,
Bravely fighting, quailing never,
And, if death life's thread shall sever,
 Falls a soldier worthily.

—*Jan.* 1881.

À PETITE JEANNE.

Vous eûtes donc hier un an, ma bien-aimée,
Contente vous jasez, comme, sous la ramée,
Au fond du nid plus tiède ouvrant de vagues yeux,
Les oiseaux nouveau-nés gazouillent, tout joyeux
De sentir qu'il commence à leur pousser des plumes.
Jeanne, ta bouche est rose ; et dans les gros volumes
Dont les images font ta joie, et que je dois,
Pour te plaire, laisser chiffonner par tes doigts,
On trouve de beaux vers, mais pas un qui te vaille
Quand tout ton petit corps en me voyant tressaille ;
Les plus fameux auteurs n'ont rien écrit de mieux
Que la pensée éclore à demi dans tes yeux,
Et que ta rêverie obscure, éparse, étrange,
Regardant l'homme avec l'ignorance de l'ange.
Jeanne, Dieu n'est pas loin puisque vous êtes là.

—VICTOR HUGO.

BY MRS J. S. PHILLPOTTS.

One year old, little one, and one day more,
Thy babbling accents run with pleasure o'er ;
Most like some wide-eyed brood in sheltered nest,
Who twitter out the joy that floods their breast
For springtime warmth and plumage shooting new.
A rose thy mouth, Jean, in its tender hue,
Nor in my tomes thou lov'st to toss and tear,
On pictures bent, is any verse so fair,
Though fair there be, as all thy eager charms
When, seeing me, thou strainest to my arms ?
The world's great sages nought have writ more wise
Than the unfolding thought within thine eyes,
Than thy strange, fitful, twilight reverie,
Who seest man but as the angels see.
With thee here, Jean, can God be far away ?

—*Feb.* 1881.

MAXIMS.

I.

Ceux qui se sentent du mérite, se picquent toujours d'être malheureux, pour persuader aux autres, et à eux-mêmes, qu'ils sont au dessus de leurs malheurs, et qu'ils sont dignes d'être en butte à la fortune.

II.

La félicité est dans le goût, et non pas dans les choses, et c'est par avoir ce qu'on aime qu'on est heureux, et non par avoir ce que les autres trouvent aimable.

III.

Peu de gens connaissent la mort, on ne la souffre pas ordinairement par résolution, mais par stupidité et par coutume, et la plupart des hommes meurent parce qu'on meurt.

IV.

Celui-là n'est pas raisonnable à qui le hasard fait trouver la raison ; mais celui qui la connaît, qui la discerne, et qui la goûte.

V.

On se vante souvent mal à propos de ne se point ennuyer ; et l'homme est si glorieux qu'il ne veut pas se trouver de mauvaise compagnie.

VI.

Celui qui croit pouvoir trouver en soi-même de quoi se passer de tout le monde se trompe fort : mais celui qui croit qu'on ne peut se passer de lui se trompe encore davantage. — LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

He that affecteth merit is wont to make a boast of his misfortunes, thereby persuading others, and himself too, that he is greater than his estate, and a proper mark for fortune.

II.

I reckon him happy that hath gotten what is good to him, not what seemeth so to others, seeing that happiness is in the mind, not in things.

III.

There be few that know what death is, or have looked him in the face ; the greater part end stolidly, and as it were by habit, because death is common.

IV.

It may chance that a fool should light on wisdom, but the wise man is he that, having searched her out and proved her, findeth her pleasant.

V.

'Tis oft-times but a vain boast when a man saith that he is never lonely, as who should say, "A wit like me can never find himself bad company."

VI.

'Tis a fond thing if a man think that he sufficeth for himself and can do without his fellows, by how much fonder if one think that his fellows cannot do without him.

—*March 1881.*

DIE LIEBENDE SCHREIBT.

Ein Blick von deinen Augen in die meinen,
Ein Kuss von deinem Mund auf meinem Munde—
Wer davon hat, wie ich, gewisse Kunde,
Mag dem was anders wohl erfreulich scheinen?

Entfernt von dir, entfremdet von den Meinen,
Führ' ich stets die Gedanken in die Runde,
Und immer treffen sie auf jene Stunde,
Die einzige ; da fang' ich an zu weinen.

Die Thräne trocknet wieder unversehens :
Er liebt ja, denk' ich, her in diese Stille,
Und solltest du nicht in die Ferne reichen?

Vernimm das Lispeln dieses Liebewehens ;
Mein einzig Glück auf Erden ist dein Wille,
Dein freundlicher zu mir ; gieb mir ein Zeichen !

—GOETHE.

By E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

One glance, O love, of thine eyes into mine,
One kiss of thy lips upon mine, O love—
To one that knoweth all the joy thereof
All other bliss seems only half divine.

For thee I lost my kindred's love—and thine
Is all too far ; in weary circles rove
My thoughts, but ever to one goal they move,
That one sweet hour ; and tears give sorrow's sign.

Anon, and unawares, the tear is dry—
Into this silence comes his love for thee,
And shall not thine across the distance strain ?

Hear thou—love wafts it thee—my faltered cry ;
No joy I have except thine heart to me
Turned lovingly—O turn it once again !

—April 1881.

A LETTER.

L'Archevêque de Rheims revenoit hier fort vite de S. Germain, c'étoit comme un tourbillon ; il croit être bien grand Seigneur, mais ses gens le croient encore plus que lui. Ils passaient au travers de Nanterre—*tra, tra, tra* ; ils recontrent un homme à cheval—*gare, gare* ; ce pauvre homme se veut ranger, son cheval ne veut pas, et enfin, le carrosse et les six chevaux renversent cul par-dessus tête le pauvre homme et le cheval, et passent par-dessus, et si bien par-dessus, que le carrosse en fut versé et renversé : en même tems l'homme et le cheval, au lieu de s'amuser à être roués et estropiés, se relèvent miraculeusement, remontent l'un sur l'autre, et s'enfuient et courent encore, pendant que les laquais de l'Archevêque et le cocher, et l'Archevêque même, se mettent à crier, *Arrête, arrête ce coquin, qu'on lui donne cent coups.*

—MME. DE SÉVIGNÉ.

BY DONALD M'ALISTER.

The Archbishop of Rheims came back yesterday from Saint Germain, and all in a vast hurry, 'twas a very whirlwind. His Grace deems himself a mighty personage enow, God wot : but his Grace's gentlemen will have him mightier still. They came galloping through Nanterre—*tarantara ! go the horns.* They meet a man on horse-back—*'ware wheels ! clear the way !* cry the lackeys. The honest man is fain to draw aside, but his horse is not, and in a twinkling the coach-and-six tumble the horse and his rider head-over-heels, and drive on over them—and over them in such good sort that the coach was straightway overthrown and topsy-turvy. Where-upon the man and the horse, not seeing the jest of being run over and drubbed to boot, get to their legs by a miracle, mount one upon t'other, and may be running still for aught I know. The while his Grace's lackeys and coachman, and, for the matter of that, his Grace himself, set all a-crying, *Stop him ! stop the knave ! flog him ! give him a hundred !*—May 1881. '

IN DER FERNE.

Sag an, du wildes, oft getäushtes Herz,
Was sollen diese lauern Schläge nun?
Willst du nach so viel namenlosem Schmerz
Nicht endlich ruhn?

Die Jugend ist dahin, der Duft zerstob,
Die Rosenblüthe fiel vom Lebensbaum;
Ach, was dich einst zu allen Himmeln hob,
Es war ein Traum.

Die Blüthe fiel, mir blieb der scharfe Dorn,
Noch immer aus der Wunde quillt das Blut;
Es sind das Weh, die Sehnsucht und der Zorn
Mein einzig Gut.

Und dennoch brächte man mir Lethe's Fluth,
Und spräche: Trink, du sollst genesen sein,
Sollst fühlen wie so sanft Vergessen thut,
Ich sagte: Nein!

War Alles nur ein wesenloser Trug,
Er war so schön, er war so selig doch:
Ich fühl' es tief bei jedem Athemzug,
Ich liebe noch.

Drum lasst mich gehn, und blute still mein Herz,
Ich suche mir den Ort bei Nacht und Tag,
Wo mit dem letzten Lied ich Lieb und Schmerz
Verhauchen mag.

—GEIBEL.

BY MISS ANNIE MATHESON.

Wild heart, that hast so often beat in vain,
Why art thou beating now so loud and fast?
Canst thou not after so much secret pain
Find rest at last?

Youth is far hence, and withered is life's tree,
Its fragrance fled, and gone its rosy gleam;
All that erewhile to heav'n uplifted thee
Was but a dream.

Life's blossom fell, with me the sharp thorn stayed,
Still ever from the wound wells forth the blood,
And still are grief, rage, longing unallayed,
My only good.

But yet, if one should bring me Lethe's tide,
And say, "Drink on, that joy may o'er thee flow;
So shall oblivion softly o'er thee glide,"—
I'd answer, "No."

E'en though 'twas but a phantom that I saw,
So fair it was and blessed, though 'tis gone,
I feel it deep with ev'ry breath I draw,
I still love on.

Then let me go, bleed wounded heart again,
All day I seek the place, and all night long,
Where I may breathe away my love and pain
In one last song.

—*June* 1881.

A LANDSCAPE AFTER HOLBEIN.

“ A la sueur de ton visaige
Tu gagnerois ta pauvre vie,
Après long travail et usage,
Voicy la *mort* qui te convie.”

Le quatrain en vieux français, placé au-dessous d'une composition d'Holbein, est d'une tristesse profonde dans sa naïveté. La gravure représente un laboureur conduisant sa charrue au milieu d'un champ. Une vaste campagne s'étend au loin, on y voit de pauvres cabanes ; le soleil se couche derrière la colline. C'est la fin d'une rude journée de travail. Le paysan est vieux, trapu, couvert de haillons. L'attelage de quatre chevaux qu'il pousse en avant est maigre, exténué ; le soc s'enfonce dans un fonds raboteux et rebelle. Un seul être est allègre et ingambe dans cette scène de *sueur et usage*. C'est un personnage fantastique, un squelette armé d'un fouet, qui court dans le sillon à côté des chevaux effrayés et les frappe, servant ainsi de valet de charrue au vieux laboureur. C'est la mort, ce spectre qu'Holbein a introduit allégoriquement dans la succession de sujets philosophiques et religieux, à la fois lugubres et bouffons, intitulée *les Simulachres de la mort*.

Dans cette collection, ou plutôt dans cette vaste composition où la mort, jouant son rôle à toutes les pages, est le lien et la pensée dominante, Holbein a fait comparaître tout le monde de son temps et du nôtre ; et partout le spectre de la morte raille, menace et triomphe. D'un seul tableau elle est absente. C'est celui où le pauvre Lazare, couché sur un fumier à la porte du riche, déclare qu'il ne la craint pas, sans doute parce qu'il n'a rien à perdre et que sa vie est une mort anticipée.—GEORGE SAND.

BY ARTHUR SIDGWICK.

"By the brow's bitter sweat
Thy poor bread thou shalt win,
After long wear and fret
Death comes to take thee in."

This verse of old French, written beneath a work of Holbein's, has a deep sadness in its simple words. The print shows a labourer guiding his plough across a field. In a wide stretch of country are seen a few poor huts, and the sun sinking behind the hill. It is the close of a hard day's work. The man is old, shrunk, and covered with rags. The four horses of the team which he is driving are spare and bony; the ploughshare burrows in a rugged and unyielding soil. One fantastic figure alone, in this scene of "wear and sweat," is active and alert. A skeleton armed with a whip, a kind of attendant upon the old ploughman, runs along the furrow lashing the frightened horses. It is Death, the spectre that Holbein has allegorically introduced into that series of philosophical and religious subjects, at once melancholy and grotesque, which he calls "the Apparitions of Death."

In this collection—or rather this great work, of which Death (who plays his part in every page) is both the connecting link and the leading idea—Holbein has set before us the whole world of his time and of ours; and everywhere stands the Spectre of Death, mocking, threatening, and triumphant. In one picture only he does not appear; and that is where the beggar Lazarus, stretched on a dunghill at the rich man's gate, proclaims that he has no fear of him; doubtless because he has nothing to lose, and his life is but a foretaste of death.

—*July* 1881.

SCHÖNSTER TOD.

Die Schärpe schlang er um den Leib,
Die Fahne schwang er in der Hand,
Die Schärpe gab das schönste Weib,
Die Fahne gab das Vaterland.

So ritt er kühn voran dem Heer
Und sang manch kräft'ge Melodei ;
Manch Lied von tapfrer Männer Wehr,
Manch Lied von echter Lieb' und Treu'.

Stets sang voll Muth er in's Gefecht,
Stets sang er aus der Schlacht voll Lust ;
Die Fahne trug er hoch und recht,
Die Schärpe treu an treuer Brust.

So ging er auch zum letzten Sieg,
Voran das Banner und das Band :
Geendet ist der wilde Krieg,
Gerettet ist das Vaterland.

Im Felde blieb der Krieger Zier,
Sein Leben brach in Todesschmerz,
Den Helden decket das Panier,
Die Schärpe deckt das treue Herz.

Da stand der alten Krieger Schaar,
Sie weinen wie in grosser Noth ;
Doch allen tönt's im Herzen klar :
Das ist des Helden schönster Tod.

—W. MÜLLER.

BY REV. JAMES ROBERTSON.

He wound the scarf about his breast,
He waved the banner in his hand,
The scarf by beauty's queen was blessed,
The banner by his Fatherland.

Before the host he spurred his steed,
And carolled many a lusty lay,
With lilt of many a daring deed,
With lilt of love and troth for aye.

Sang dauntless, plunging in the fight,
Sang joyous, through the battle borne,
Still reared erect the banner bright,
True scarf above true heart still worn.

So, flag in front, with blazoned breast,
Drew once again his conquering brand,
Brought war's wild revelry to rest,
Brought freedom to his Fatherland.

One pang, and 'mid the fallen crowd
That peerless heart has ceased to beat ;
A standard for the hero's shroud,
A scarf the true heart's winding-sheet.

His trusty troopers weep around,
With sorrow sore distraught they sigh,
Yet hear the voice within resound,
" No fairer death can hero die."

—August 1881.

A L'AME PURE DE MA SŒUR HENRIETTE.

Te souviens-tu, du sein de Dieu où tu reposes, de ces longues journées de Ghazir, où, seul avec toi, j'écrivais ces pages inspirées par les lieux que nous avions visités ensemble ? Silencieuse à côté de moi, tu relisais chaque feuille et la recopiais sitôt écrite, pendant que la mer, les villages, les ravins, les montagnes se déroulaient à nos pieds. Quand l'accablante lumière avait fait place à l'innombrable armée des étoiles, tes questions fines et délicates, tes doutes discrets, me ramenaient à l'objet sublime de nos communes pensées. Tu me dis un jour que ce livre-ci tu l'aimerais, d'abord parce qu'il avait été fait avec toi, et aussi parce qu'il te plaisait. Si parfois tu craignais pour lui les étroits jugements de l'homme frivole, toujours tu fus persuadée que les âmes vraiment religieuses finiraient par s'y plaire. Au milieu de ces douces méditations, la mort nous frappa tous les deux de son aile ; le sommeil de la fièvre nous prit à la même heure ; je me réveillai seul ! . . . Tu dors maintenant dans la terre d'Adonis, près de la sainte Byblos et des eaux sacrées où les femmes des mystères antiques venaient mêler leurs larmes. Révèle-moi, ô bon génie, à moi que tu aimais, ces vérités qui dominent la mort, empêchent de la craindre et la font presque aimer.

— RENAN.

TO MY SISTER IN HEAVEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Dost thou from Heaven, where now thou liest in God's bosom, look back on the long days we spent at Ghazir, where alone with thee I wrote these pages, inspired by the scenes we had together sought? In silence thou wouldst sit beside me, read over and copy each sheet as I wrote it, while at our feet lay stretching far away the expanse of sea, villages, ravines, and mountains. And when the intolerable sunlight had yielded to the myriad host of stars, 'twas thy part, by keen and subtle questionings, by wise and modest surmises, to recall me to the high theme of our common meditations. Once thou saidst this book would be dear to thee, not only because thou hadst some part in it, but also because it pleased thee. If at times the shallow censure of worldlings was a cause of fear, thou wast still convinced that soon or late the book would approve itself to all devout and pious souls. Amid these sweet and tender communings, we both were touched by death's wing; both at the self-same hour fell into the sleep of fever; I awoke—awoke alone. And now thou retest in the land of Adonis, under the sacred walls of Byblos, beside the hallowed streams, where of old his virgin votaries were wont to mingle their tears. Dear and good angel, reveal to him whom on earth thou lovedst those truths that master death, dispel death's terrors, and all but make us love death.—*September 1881.*

LES ELFES.

Couronnés de thym et de marjolaine,
Les Elfes joyeux dansent sur la plaine.

Du sentier des bois aux daims familier,
Sur un noir cheval sort un cavalier.
Son éperon d'or brille en la nuit brune ;
Et, quand il traverse un rayon de lune,
On voit resplendir, d'un reflet changeant,
Sur sa chevelure un casque d'argent.

Couronnés de thym, etc.

Ils l'entourent tous d'un essaim léger
Qui dans l'air muet semble voltiger.
—Hardi chevalier, par la nuit sereine,
Où vas-tu si tard ? dit la jeune Reine.
De mauvais esprits hantent les forêts ;
Viens danser plutôt sur les gazons frais.

Couronnés de thym, etc.

—Non ! ma fiancée aux yeux clairs et doux
M'attend, et demain nous serons époux.
Laissez-moi passer, Elfes des prairies,
Qui foulez en rond les mousses fleuries ;
Ne m'attardez pas loin de mon amour,
Car voici déjà les lueurs du jour.

Couronnés de thym, etc.

BY JAMES RHOADES.

With thyme and marjoram crowned for jollity
The Elves are dancing over lawn and lea.

From forest-pathway known to foot of deer,
On sable steed rides forth a cavalier :
His gold spur sparkles in the dusky night ;
And as he moves athwart the moonbeam's light,
Above his tresses with uncertain sheen
A silver helmet flashes o'er the green.

With thyme, etc.

A nimble swarm, they close around him there ;
They seem to hover in the soundless air.
“ Now whither goest thou through the night serene,
So late, bold rider ? ” quoth their youthful queen :
“ Ill spirits haunt the forest ; be our fere,
And foot it rather on the greensward here.”

With thyme, etc.

“ Nay, for she waits, my sweet-eyed lady bright,
Waits, and to-morn our marriage vows we plight :
Give place, ye meadow-faes, whose footprints graze
The flowery mosses in your airy maze ;
Nor from my true love keep me far away,
For lo ! e'en now the glimmerings of the day ! ”

With thyme, etc.

—Reste, chevalier. Je te donnerai
L'opale magique et l'anneau doré,
Et ce qui vaut mieux que gloire et fortune,
Ma robe filée au clair de la lune.
—Non ! dit-il.—Va donc !—Et de son doigt blanc
Elle touche au cœur le guerrier tremblant.
Couronnés de thym, etc.

Et sans l'éperon le noir cheval part,
Il court, il bondit et va sans retard ;
Mais les chevalier frissonne et se penche.
Il voit sur la route une forme blanche
Qui marche sans bruit et lui tend les bras :
—Elfe, esprit, démon, ne m'arrête pas !
Couronnés de thym, etc.

Ne m'arrête pas, fantôme odieux !
Je vais épouser ma belle aux doux yeux.
—O mon cher époux, la tombe éternelle
Sera notre lit de noce, dit-elle :
Je suis morte !—Et lui, la voyant ainsi,
D'angoisse et d'amour tombe mort aussi.
Couronnés de thym, etc.

—LECONTE DE LISLE.

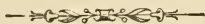


“ Abide, sir warrior, and for gift I’ll bring
The magic opal and the golden ring,
And that which fame and fortune doth outshine,
My robe whose weft is of the moonbeams fine :
Nay? then begone ! ” and with her finger white
She touched the bosom of the trembling knight.
With thyme, etc.

No need of spur—the black steed starts away ;
He speeds, he bounds, he gallops without stay ;
But the knight shudders, and bows down with fear ;
He sees a white form on his path appear
With noiseless gait and arms towards him spread :
“ Elf, spirit, demon, stay me not ! ” he said.
With thyme, etc.

“ Now stay me not, loathed vision of the air !
I go to wed my sweet-eyed lady fair.”
“ O dear my lord, for evermore,” quoth she,
“ The grave, alas ! our bridal couch must be ;
For I am dead ! ” And dead too at the sight
From love and sorrow fell her faithful knight.
With thyme, etc.

—October 1881.



DIE STERBENDEN HELDEN.

Der Dänen Schwerter drängen Schwedens Heer
Zum wilden Meer.
Die Wagen klirren fern, es blinkt der Stahl
Im Mondenstrahl.
Da liegen, sterbend, auf dem Leichenfeld.
Der schöne Sven und Ulf, der graue Held.

Sven.

O Vater ! dass mich in der Jugend Kraft
Die Norne rafft !
Nun schlichtet nimmer meine Mutter mir
Der Locken Zier.
Vergeblich spähet meine Sängerin
Vom hohen Thurm in alle Ferne hin.

Ulf.

Sie werden jammern, in der Nächte Graun
Im Traum uns schaun.
Doch sei getrost, bald bricht der bittre Schmerz
Ihr treues Herz.
Dann reicht die Buhle dir bei Odins Mahl,
Die goldgelockte, lächelnd den Pokal.

Sven.

Begonnen hab' ich einen Festgesang
Zum Saitenklang.
Von Königen und Helden grauer Zeit
In Lieb' und Streit.
Verlassen hängt die Harfe nun, und bang
Erweckt der Winde Wehen ihren Klang.

BY JAMES RHOADES.

The Danesmen's swords drave Sweden's chivalry
To the wild sea :
The chariots clashed afar, steel glittered bright
In the moonlight :
There, on the corse-strewn field a-dying, lay
Young Sweyn the fair and Ulf the hero gray.

Sweyn.

Father ! the Norn to reave me without ruth
In strength of youth !
Now never more my mother will divide
These locks, my pride ;
And vainly she my song-bird strains to spy
Through all the distance from her tower on high.

Ulf.

They'll moan in shuddering midnights, as we seem
To haunt their dream ;
But have good cheer, soon must the bitter ache
Her true heart break ;
Then, guest of Odin, shall thy gold-haired bride
Smile as she sets the wine-cup at thy side.

Sweyn.

I have a wassail-song begun, to fret
Of harp-string set,
Of loves and wars of kings and heroes gray,
A glorious lay ;
Now hangs the harp forlorn, and bodefully
The wavering winds awake its melody.

Ulf.

Es glänzet hoch und hehr im Sonnenstrahl

Allvaters Saal.

Die Sterne wandeln unter ihm, es ziehn

Die Stürme hin.

Dort tafeln mit den Vätern wir in Ruh,

Erhebe dann dein Lied und end' es du !

Sven.

O Vater ! dass mich in der Jugend Kraft

Die Norne rafft !

Noch leuchtet keiner hohen Thaten Bild

Auf meinem Schild.

Zwölf Richter thronen hoch und schauerlich,

Die werthen nicht des Heldenmahles nich.

Ulf.

Wohl wieget Eines viele Thaten auf,—

Sie achten drauf—

Das ist um deines Vaterlandes Noth

Der Heldentod.

Sieh hin, die Feinde fliehen ; blick hinan !

Der Himmel glänzt, dahin ist unsre Bahn.

—UHLAND.



Ulf.

All-father's house doth high and holy gleam
In the sun's beam ;
The stars roll on beneath it, and the forms
Of travelling storms ;
There, feasting with our sires, we'll seek repose ;
Lift then thy song, and sing it to its close.

Sweyn.

Father ! the Norn to reave me without ruth
In strength of youth !
No picture of high deeds in battlefield
Shines on my shield ;
The twelve dread judges from their awful seat
Deem me unfit with gods to sit at meat.

Ulf.

One deed there is, doth many deeds outweigh—
Thereof reckon they—
In Fatherland's sore need to yield thy breath—
The hero's death.
See, yonder flee the foemen ! Lift thine eyes !
Heaven gleams above thee, there our pathway lies.

—*November* 1881.



GWENDOLEN TO DERONDA.

I weep no longer, though so long I wept,
That thou art torn by cruel fate from me ;
Nor that the love, which in my bosom slept,
Woke but to sorrow when awaked by thee.

It is not that my burden bows me less,
Nor life seems yet a friend, nor death a foe ;
Nor time has soothed my grief's first bitterness,
Nor tears effaced it by too ceaseless flow.

Nay, for thine image in my deepest heart
Lives clearer than eternity can mar ;
Mine eyes still hold thine eyes ; my fingers part
To clasp thy fingers, that are distant far.

But silently has risen a thought in me,
In whose deep peace has all my passion passed ;
By grief well borne I grow more like to thee,
And friend more worthy when we meet at last.

—F. W. B.

BY R. C. JEBB.

Non, velut ante, fleo, toties quae flere solebam,
Te mihi quod tristes surripuere vices,
Quod mihi, cum primo movisti pectus amore,
Hoc solum didici, quam sit amarus amor.

Non leviora fero : nondum iucunda videtur
Sors mihi vivendi, non inimica, mori ;
Non valuit mihi longa dies mollire dolorem,
Non lacrimæ tulerant, ne cruciarer, opem.

Scilicet æternos idem mihi semper in annos,
Qualis eras, penitus nunc quoque talis ades ;
Lumina luminibus tanquam præsentis inhærent,
Et digitis digitos implicat umbra meis.

Ut tamen effreni sileat violentia luctus,
Ex imis monuit fontibus ipse dolor.
Sum magis apta tibi, quo fortius aspera duro ;
Digna magis venio te superisque frui.

—*November* 1881.

LES SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE.

On parlera de sa gloire
Sous le chaume bien longtemps.
L'humble toit dans cinquante ans,
Ne connaîtra plus d'autre histoire.
Là viendront les villageois,
Dire alors à quelque vieille :
Par des récits d'autrefois,
Mère abrégez notre veille.
Bien, dit-on, qu'il nous ait nui,
Le peuple encor le révère,
Oui, le révère.
Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère ;
Parlez-nous de lui.

Mes enfants, dans ce village,
Suivi de rois, il passa.
Voilà bien longtemps de ça :
Je venais d'entrer en ménage.
A pied grim pant le coteau
Où pour voir je m'étais mise,
Il avait petit chapeau
Avec redingote grise.
Près de lui je me troublai ;
Il me dit : Bonjour, ma chère,
Bonjour, ma chère.

Go, little rhyme, disport thee where thou wilt,
The mimic echo of a master lyre;—
His was the rapier blade, thou but the hilt;
Thou but earth's censer, his the ethereal fire!
I fear me, some that watched thy vexèd birth,—
Caudle and crucible and astrolabe,—
May slide thee softly past, with gentle mirth;—
"How many a gossip, and how maimed a babe!"

For many a year his glory
Beneath the thatch shall fill our ears;
The lowly roof in fifty years
Shall know no other story.
Village folk shall come and gaze,—
Cry to some old dame or other,
With a tale of other days
Come and kill the gloaming, mother!
Though he cost us life and limb,
Yet his people still revere him,
Yes, revere him!
Goody, tell how you stood near him;
Tell us now of him!

Children, through the village here
He passed with kings behind him;—
Ah me, how well I mind him!
I first kept house that year.
Climbing up just where I sat
On the hill to get a view;—
He had on a little hat,
He had on a grey surtout.
How my head went round, so nigh him!
Says he, "Good day, my dear,
Good day, my dear!"

—Il vous a parlé grand'mère !
Il vous a parlé !

L'an d'après, moi, pauvre femme,
A Paris étant un jour,
Je le vis avec sa cour :
Il se rendait à Notre-Dame.
Tous les cœurs étaient contents ;
On admirait son cortége.
Chacun disait : Quel beau temps !
Le ciel toujours le protège.
Son sourire était bien doux,
D'un fils Dieu le rendait père,
Le rendait père.
—Quel beau jour pour vous, grand'mère !
Quel beau jour pour vous !

Mais, quand la pauvre Champagne
Fut en proie aux étrangers,
Lui, bravant tous les dangers,
Semblait seul tenir la campagne.
Un soir, tout comme aujourd'hui,
J'entends frapper à la porte.
J'ouvre. Bon Dieu ! c'était lui,
Suivi d'une faible escorte.
Il s'asseyait où me voilà,
S'écriant : Oh ! quelle guerre !
Oh ! quelle guerre !
—Il s'est assis là, grand'mère !
Il s'est assis là !

—He spoke to you, Goody, here !
He spoke to you, close by him !

The year after that again
I saw him in Paris one day,
My own poor self, on his way
To Our Lady's with all his train.
All hearts were happy together
Admiring the flags and the drums ;
All were saying, " What beautiful weather !
Heaven guards him wherever he comes ! "
His smile was so gentle, too !
God had given him a little boy,
Given him a little boy !
—What a day for you, Goody, of joy,
What a day of joy for you !

But when we had to yield
Our poor Champagne to strangers,
He, braving out all dangers,
Seemed holding alone the field.
As it might be to-day,—might be,—
One night comes a rap at the door.
I open ;—Good God ! it was he,
With one or two guards, not more !
He sat down in this very chair,
Crying out, " Oh ! what a war !
Oh ! what a war ! "
—He sat, Goody, just where you are !
He sat where you are, there !

J'ai faim, dit-il, et bien vite
Je sers piquette et pain bis ;
Puis il sèche ses habits,
Même à dormir le feu l'invite.
Au réveil, voyant mes pleurs,
Il me dit : Bonne espérance !
Je cours, de tous ses malheurs,
Sous Paris, venger la France.
Il part ; et, comme un trésor,
J'ai depuis gardé son verre.
Gardé son verre.
—Vous l'avez encor, grand'mère !
Vous l'avez encor !

Le voici. Mais à sa perte
Le héros fut entraîné.
Lui, qu'un pape a couronné,
Est mort dans une ile déserte.
Longtemps aucun ne l'a cru ;
On disait : Il va paraître ;
Par mer il est accouru ;
L'étranger va voir son maître,
Quand d'erreur on nous tira,
Ma douleur fut bien amère !
Fut bien amère !
—Dieu vous bénira, grand'mère ;
Dieu vous bénira.

—BÉRANGER.

I am hungry, he says ; and I get him
A hunch, and a posset to drink ;
Then he dries his clothes, and the blink
Of the fire to sleep soon set him.
On waking, he sees my eyes wet,
And says he, " Cheer up, and have heart !
I am off to avenge France yet
Under Paris, for all her smart."
He goes ;—like a treasure found
I have kept his glass from that day,
Kept his glass from that day.
Have it safe, Goody, still you say ?
Have it safe and sound ?

Here, see it ! But all the while
The hero's hopes were drowned ;
He, whom a pope had crowned,
Died in a desert isle.
For long none thought it could be ;
Folk said, " He is going to appear,
He is come to us over the sea,
They shall know that their master is here."
When we came to find none of it true,
To me 'twas a sore distress !
'Twas a sore distress !
—Nay, Goody, God will bless—
God will bless you.

—J. R.

AUX MORTS.

Après l'apothéose, après les gémonies,
Pour le vorace oubli marqués du même sceau,
Multitude sans voix, vains noms, race finie,
Feuilles du noble chêne ou de l'humble arbrisseau.

Vous dont nul n'a connu les mornes agonies,
Vous qui brûliez d'un feu sacré dès le berceau,
Lâches, saints, et héros, brutes, mâles génies,
Ajoutés au fumier des siècles par monceau ;

O lugubres troupes des morts, je vous envie,
Si, quand l'immense espace est en proie à la vie,
Léguant votre misère à de vils héritiers,
Vous goûtez à jamais, hôtes d'un noir mystère,
L'irrevocable paix inconnue à la terre,
Et si la grande nuit vous garde tout entiers !

—LECONTE DE LISLE.

TO THE DEAD.

One deified—one slain with infamy—
All sealed alike to glut oblivion's greed ;
Vain voiceless crowds, whose fame is dead as they ;
Lost leaves, from oak or lowly thicket shed,—

O ye, who pined in unknown agonies !
O ye, who nursed life-long the sacred fire !
Saints, cowards, heroes, poets, strong and wise,
Piled on the ages' all-consuming pyre !

Ye tribes of dead ! I too am fain of death,
If, while the wide world still is cursed with breath,
 Ye leave to viler heirs your woes in store,
And win, behind the veil mysterious,
That utter silence, all unknown to us,
 Lapt in the mighty night for evermore !

—E. D. A. M.

LE MONDE EST MÉCHANT.

Le monde est méchant, ma petite ;
Avec son sourire moqueur
Il dit qu'à ton côté palpite
Une montre en place de cœur.

—Pourtant ton sein ému s'élève
Et s'abaisse comme la mer,
Aux bouillonnements de la sève
Circulant sous ta jeune chair.

Le monde est méchant, ma petite ;
Il dit que tes yeux vifs sont morts,
Et se meuvent dans leur orbite
A temps égaux et par ressorts.

—Pourtant une larme irisée
Tremble à tes cils, mouvant rideau,
Comme une perle de rosée
Qui n'est pas prise au verre d'eau.

Le monde est méchant, ma petite :
Il dit que tu n'as pas d'esprit ;
Et que les vers qu'on te récite
Sont pour toi comme du Saïscrit !

SO THEY SAY.

Ah, so they say, my little love !
They speak of you their spiteful will !
“Thou fool ! to think her heart can move—
Her watch goes tick ! all else is still.”

—And yet, beneath mine eyes, I know
Your bosom, like the trembling sea,
Doth rise and fall, as to and fro
Your heart goes pulsing youthfully.

“Her eyes are loveless”—so they say—
“And only move, and glance, and smile,
In living lustre, that they may
Complete their wonted round of wile.”

—And yet, how bright that tiny tear
Clings to your eyelid’s quivering veil,
As the last dewdrop crystal-clear,
On the glass-edge, or flow’rets’ bell !

“And she is stupid”—so they say—
“For music, neither mind nor ear !
And the poor poet’s sweetest lay,
To her, is Greek—or worse—to hear !”

—Pourtant, sur ta bouche vermeille,
Fleur s'ouvrant et se refermant,
Le rire, intelligente abeille,
Se pose a chaque trait charmant.

SOLUTION.

C'est que tu m'aimes, ma petite,
Et que tu hais tous ces gens-là.
Quitte-moi ;—comme ils diront vite,
Quel cœur et quel esprit elle a !

—TH. GAÜTIER.



—And yet, like some wise bee that sips
From flowers that close and ope again,
Light laughter, poising on your lips,
Salutes each song of merrier strain.

LET THEM SAY!

'Tis all, you see, because they know
For me your love, for them your scorn—
O leave me not ! for, if you go,
That worst of woes—their praise—you earn !
—E. D. A. M.



SONNET DE JORDI.

(Troubadour du XIII^{me} siècle.)

“ Mals é plazer que dins moun cor sentisse.”

O joy and pain that I in heart perceive,
Now most desired, and most detested now ;
O joy that killest, pain that bidst me live,
If Love thou art not, what and whence art thou ?

Joy can I that which bringeth pain believe ?
Pain can I that which bringeth joy avow ?
O pain that pleasest, joy that bidst me grieve,
If Love thou art not, what and whence art thou ?

Nothing I fear, yet am in evil case,
I know no peace, yet hear no battle's sound ;
Myself I hate, to others fondly vow ;
Nothing I touch, yet all the world embrace ;
To heavenward soar, yet never leave the ground—
If Love thou art not, what and whence art thou ?

—F. W. B.

BY THE SEA.

(From HEINE.)

White in the waning light, the sea
At evening gleamed before us,
While in the lonely silence we
Sat with the lone hut o'er us.

The white mist rose, the waters rolled,
The wild mews round were wheeling,
Then from thy tender eyes, behold,
I saw the teardrops stealing.

I saw them fall upon thy hand,
And to my knees low bending,
From off thy hand, thy white, white hand,
I drank the tears descending.

But from that hour I waste and fade,
My spirit dies for yearning :
Thy tears in me, unhappy maid,
Have turned to poison burning.

—F. W. B.

THE TOKEN.

(After the ROMANIC.)

“Unbar the door, my bonnie bride, and let your true love
through!”—

“Who knocks and calls at dead of night as none but
Turks would do?”—

“No Turk is here, my bonnie bride, a Christian good it is
Who from those rosy lips of thine has had full many a
kiss!”—

“It is too dark to see your face, so give some token true
Of court and house and little room before I trust to you.”—

“Within the court a fountain springs, and wavers with
the breeze,

And up towards your lattice leaps, if there your face it sees,
Against the house the vine-branches still climb from stone
to stone,

Until they can look in on you and make to you their
moan.

Within your chamber's inmost wall a curtained niche
there is :

Nor star nor moon nor taper gleams on such a shrine as
this !

Red rose-leaves heaped to make her bed, the Lily rests
within.”—

“No more ! no more ! my own true love, I needs must
let you in !”

—G. E. D.

THE TELL-TALES.

(After the ROMANIC.)

It was night, Sweetheart, when I gave you that kiss,
With nobody by to see,
But a wee little star was peeping in
Where we thought no star could be.

And into the sea that star went down,
And there the traitor played,
And the sea went whispering to the oar,
And so were we betrayed.

And out on the prattling tell-tales all !
For ah, too true it is
That every boatman's singing of us,
Though nobody saw us kiss !

—G. E. D.

WE THREE.

(After WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.)

Under the linden,
Deep in the shade,
Of the wildwood together our bower we made.
If broken blossom
And grass were there,
Yet was there too many a flower full fair.
And oh, by the wildwood
Low in the vale,
Sweet was the song of the Nightingale !

Through woodland alleys
Straying alone,
There did I meet him, my true love, my own :
There, ere I knew it,
Of him I had
What ever and ever shall make me glad.
For did not he kiss me
A thousand times told ?
How flushed with his kisses my mouth is, behold !

Out of the flowers,
We wove us there
A bower exceeding rich and rare.

If past it any
Had chanced to go,
Within his heart, he had laughed full low ;
For where my head
Had among them lain,
The wild rosebuds told all too plain.

And oh, if any
Had seen us there,
Great shame and sorrow I needs must bear.
But what befell me
None saw or heard,
Save he and I and the small brown bird,
Save we three only—
And I and he,
And the nightingale may trusted be.

—G. E. D.



THE STATUE.

(After VICTOR HUGO.)

Time brought revenge and ruin upon Rome,
And to the abyss of conquered Carthage' doom
Sank down the conqueror's pride—
—Shivered the image of her former fame,
And drained the cup of tyranny and shame—
The Queen of Nations died.

Died void of honour and of all but gold ;
Tyre of the West, a lair of slaves self sold,
Proud of the chain they bore !
Drunken with wine and blood, content to see,
For Cato's star, a hero's infamy,
For Romans, men no more !

The haggard hermit in prophetic cave
Saw, shuddering, the wreck that none might save
Drift through the growing gloom !
And while three hundred years rolled darkly by
Was heard, above damnation's gaiety,
A thunder as of doom.

O'er the dark gulf, sloth, envy, luxury,
Avarice and anger, pride and lust, on high
Hovered with vulture-cries—
Far flashing as the levin, ghastly-bright,
Glaives of the seven lords of hell and night,
Flamed in the frowning skies.

And he,* who drew corruption all too well,
Stands statue-like above that human hell
'Neath the dark skies, alone.—
Like her, who died 'twixt Zoar and the Plain,
He fled, but looked upon it once again
And stiffened into stone.

—E. D. A. M.

* Juvenal.



HEINE, DIE HEIMKEHR.

My child, we too were children once—
Two children young and gay ;
We crept into the poultry house,
And hid beneath the hay.

We crowed and clucked like cock and hen,
And as the folk they came running,
“ Kikere-koo ! ”—“ an egg, an egg ! ”
They thought—but 'twas our funning !

The boxes underneath the coop
With carpets all we laid,
And therewithin a residence
Quite *à la mode* we made !

A grey old cat, who lived next door,
A-visiting would come—
We bowed, we curtseyed, and we said,
“ So glad we were at home ! ”

With sweet solicitude we asked,
“ And how are you ? and how
Your cousins ? ” all we've learnt to say
To human tabbies now !

And there, like greybeards, oft we sat
And moralised our fill—
And said, how sadly, since our time,
The world had gone downhill !

How Love, and Faith, and Constancy
Had flown, to come back never—
And coffee twice its former price !
And cash more scarce than ever !

Well-a-day ! the sports of childhood,
Like all the rest, go by—
Like Money, like Time, like Youth, like Faith,
Like Love, like Constancy.

—E. D. A. M.



THE SLEEP OF THE CONDOR.

(After LECONTE DE LISLE.)

Beyond the Cordillera's rugged stair,
Beyond the mists where the dark eagles dwell,
Above the caverned crags where seethe and swell
Red lava-tides, for ages prisoned there,

Drooping the sail-like span of pinions brown,
The Condor sits, with gloomy calm fulfilled—
Looks out on Earth and Air all hushed and stilled,
And sees unmoved the Sun go darkling down.

From the far East the Night rolls up, and o'er
Peaks piled on peaks, and o'er the prairie-line
Boundless, and Chili's heights and citied shore,
And eastern Ocean, and far skies divine :

Over the wide mute earth is laid her hand ;
From sandy dunes, from cloven mountain-side,
Swell the vast eddies of her dark flood-tide,
As by a mighty breath, o'er all the land.

Lone as a spirit on the pinnacle,
Bathed in a blood-red light that stains the snow,
He waits the gloomy Night's encircling flow,
Till o'er his throne the sombre shadows swell.

Lo ! in the fathomless abyss of sky,
The Southern Cross its starry beacon fires
Above the sea-mark—with exulting cry
His plumeless neck he raises, and aspires—

Beating the snow that o'er the Andes clings,
With loud harsh call he leaves the winds afar,
And 'twixt dark earth and palpitating star
Sleeps in the cold and clear, on cloud-wide wings.

—E. D. A. M.



THE HEART OF HIALMAR.

(After LECONTE DE LISLE.)

Clear-cold the night and keen the North Wind's breath,
And slain and tombless, on the bloody snow,
With haggard eyes, and motionless in death,
Hand still on hilt, a thousand chiefs lie low !

The cold moon gleams—the ravens croak and wheel—
Sudden among the dead Hialmar rose,
Propped with both hands upon his shivered steel,
While purple from his side the heart's blood flows.

“O valiant comrades ! breathes there yet,” he cried,
“One, one, of all the morning's company ?
Who, as the merles upon the woodland side,
Sang with full voices challenging the day !

“'Tis silence all ! and, where the axe smote sheer,
Behold my cloven helm, my riven mail—
Blood dims mine eyes—loud in my dying ear
The sound of wolves or of the wild sea's wail.

“O chooser of the slain, O Raven wild,
Cleave with thy beak my breast—then speed away,
Bear my warm heart to her, to Ylmer's child—
Fear not—thy feast lies here for many a day.

“Hence to Upsala, wand’rer of the wold !
There the Jarls chant and revel deep, and there
High foams the mead in drinking-horns of gold !
There give my heart to her it held so dear.

“There, on the tower round which the wild choughs wing,
White stands my love, and tall with long black hair,
And gleaming in each ear a silver ring,
And eyes more bright than stars when eve is fair.

“To her, O Raven, speak love’s message true—
Behold the heart that knew nor fear nor guile,
Firm and deep-dyed with Love and Valour’s hue !
And Ylmer’s child shall greet thee with a smile.

“Hither, ye wolves ! to lap my life-blood’s tide !
—Rent with a thousand wounds I pass away
Young, free, and undishonoured, to abide
Among the gods and in unfading day.”

—E. D. A. M.



FROM GOETHE'S FAUST.*

(Chorus of Spirits.)

Woe, woe !
To doom thou hast hurled
 With a shattering blow.
 The beautiful world !
It totters down, it crumbles, by the might
Of a demigod smitten, to death it is dight !
 Its ruins drear
Unto the void of Nothingness we bear,
 And, as we bear, deplore
The Beautiful that was and is no more !
 O mightiest thou
Of all Earth's children, now
 Do thou rebuild it,
 Thy breast within
With a new splendour gild it !
 And thou shalt begin
A new life-way, with feelings cleansed and clear,
And music new anon shall soothe thine ear.
 —E. D. A. M.

* Since published in Turner & Morshead's "Faust," Rivingtons.

HEINE, LYRISCHES INTERMEZZO.

Love, in our little bark together
How sadly did we glide—
We floated on, thro' starry weather,
Over the waters wide.

The Spirit-Isle in beauty lay,
Dim in the fair moon-shining,
And sweet sounds echoed thence away,
And "plighted clouds"* were twining.

Ever more sweet the melody,
The clouds waved to and fro :
Uncomforted we floated by,
O'er the wide waves to go.

—E. D. A. M.

* Milton, "Comus," line 300—

"Gay creatures of the element
That . . . play i' the plighted clouds."

VICTOR HUGO.

(Written on a Copy of the "Divina Commedia.")

I saw at eve a human form go by
Robed with a Roman Consul's majesty ;
Dark showed his shape against the starry skies,
And as he passed, he halted ; gleaming eyes,
Deep eyes, and wild as death, he turned on me.
Then spake this word—

“ In far antiquity,
On the sky-line, a mighty mount I stood :
Then struggling upward, with blind life endued,
One step, on Being's ladder, I ascended—
A sacred oak, enshrined, by priests attended,—
I breathed mysterious whispers o'er the land ;
Then, as a lion, dreamed on desert sand,
And spake to sombre Night words deep and low—
As man, at last, and Dante, name me now.”

—E. D. A. M.

FROM HEINE.*

I.

As they sipped their tea round the table,
The talk was of love alone ;
The gentlemen's argument—able ;
The ladies'—more tender in tone.

“Love surely should be Platonic,”
Said the Councillor wizened and dry ;
His consort's smile was ironic,
Yet she none the less sighed a sigh.

Quoth the ponderous Canon clearly—
“Love must be checked, you know,
Or health will suffer severely :”
The young lady simpered : “How so ?”

Cried the Countess in voice heart-rending—
“Love, love is resistless to me !”
And graciously unbending,
She handed the Baron his tea.

You were missed amid all the tattle,
One chair stood empty, my dove :
How pretty had been your prattle,
My sweetest, about your love !

* The unsigned versions are by Thomas Brooksbank.

II.

The young girl sleeps in her chamber,
The quivering moon looks in ;
Without there's a singing and twanging
Like merry waltzer's din.

"I'll just peep forth from my lattice
To see who breaks my rest !"
A skeleton stands 'neath the window,
And fiddles and sings its best.

"Thou didst promise me once a measure,
Didst break thy word to me !
To-night there's a ball in the churchyard,
To the dance there I summon thee."

The spell has seized the maiden,
It lures her out at the door ;
She follows the spectre that, singing
And fiddling, struts on before.

It fiddles, and dances, and prances,
And clatters its bones to the tune,
And nids, and nods, with its noddle,
Weird in the light of the moon.

III.

For ever they have vexed me,
Tortured me early and late,
Some of them with their loving,
Some of them with their hate.

Into my cup dropped poison,
Poisoned the bread I ate—
Some of them with their loving,
Some of them with their hate.

But she who tortured and vexed me,
And grieved me all others above;
She never gave me her hatred,
She never gave me her love.

IV.

The nightingale sang, the lime was in flower,
The sun was laughing with hearty glee;
Your arms were about me, you kissed me that hour,
On your heaving bosom you cradled me.

The raven croaked, the lime leaves fell,
The sun looked down with a peevish light,
We bade each other a frosty "Farewell,"
And politely you curtseyed a curtesy polite.

V.

We have felt so much the one for the other,
Yet lived in an excellent concord, God knows !
We have played at husband and wife together
Yet never once came to scratchings or blows.
We have shouted together in joy and in jest,
And tenderly, too, we have kissed and caressed.
And we played at last in our childish glee
At hide-and-seek in life's tangled maze,
And managed to hide so completely that we
Shall not find each other through all our days.

VI.

Love, when I gaze into thine eyes,
My bitterest anguish straightway flies ;
But when I kiss thy lips, my pain
Has gone, and I am whole again.

And when I lean upon thy breast,
Lapped in Elysian airs I rest ;
But when thou sayst, " I love but thee !"
I needs must weep, how bitterly !

—F. S.

VII.

Thy face—how fair, how dear it seems,
As late I saw it in my dreams ;
Benign, and like an angel's bright,
And yet so wan, so ghostly white.

The lips alone are red, but Death
Will steal their roses with his breath,
And quench ere long the light divine,
That from those angel eyes doth shine.
—F. S.

VIII.

Out of her grave a lime-tree is growing,
Birds pipe there, and winds of twilight are blowing;
While the miller's lad and his sweetheart sit
On the smooth green mound just under it.

So soft and solemn the winds' low sighing,
So sorrowful sweet the birds' replying,
On the lovers' lips doth the prattle die,
And they weep in silence, they know not why.
—ANNIE MATHESON.



FROM WILHELM MEISTER.

“Ich armer Teufel . . .”—GOETHE.

Poor devil as I am, great Peer,
I envy you your noble strain—
Your station to the throne so near,
And many a rood of rich domain.
Your lordly father's splendid place,
His stately towers, his park and chase.

Poor devil as I am, great Peer,
You envy me, as all can tell—
Because boon Nature, mother dear,
Has from my boyhood used me well.
My heart is light—my head is cool—
I'm poor, it's true—but no poor fool.—

Yet after all, my noble Peer,
Let's leave the matter as it stands ;
I'll still be child of mother dear,
And you be heir of father's lands :
We'll live from hate and envy free,
And bate all words and thoughts censorious,
No place on Delphic mount for thee,
For me no leaf in “Liber Aureus.”

—T. H.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

I.

Naked upon the earth I came,
And naked shall descend :
Why toil and travail without aim,
When naked is the end ?

Life is a pastime, light and short :
So either live thy life in sport,
Nor be disquieted in vain :
Or boast thy zeal and bear thy pain !

—L. A. TOLLEMACHE.

II.

AN EPITAPH.

Let earth, now I am gone,
With hell be blended ;—
Such ills I think not on,
For mine are ended !

—L. A. TOLLEMACHE.

III.

My soul ! my soul ! perplexed with dark distresses,
Which grant no gleam of light amidst their gloom,—
While such a leaden cloud of care oppresses
That life itself appears a living tomb,—

Arise ! thou doubting soul, and take thy station
In firm resistance to the tide of woe,
Bold with the strength of stern determination
To meet the onset of the dreadful foe.
Nor, if thou conquer, let the world around thee
Behold thee giddy with exulting pride ;
Nor, if defeated, let despair confound thee,
And make thee cravenlike at home abide :
Nay ! give the triumph all its meed of gladness,
And give the failure all its due regret ;
But keep in wise control both joy and sadness,
For never ceasing change doth all our path beset.

—A. W. LOCKYER.

IV.

This stone on thee, Sabinus, I have set,
Small recompense for all thy friendship gave ;
Forlorn I seek thee ; nor do thou forget
Our love, if aught thou heedest in the grave,
E'en 'mid the Stygian floods, shun the Lethean wave.

—LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

V.

Dost rear thee many a proud abode ?
Give many a choice collation ?
Thou treadst the swiftest, broadest road
That leadeth to starvation.

—LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

VI.

Take courage ! heroes, scarce less brave,
Hector, than thou, o'erwatch thy grave ;
With triumph grim, Achilles tell
(If aught thou hear'st or say'st in hell)
That Troy regenerate is free ;—
Yea, tell him that Æneas' sons
Replace the vanished Myrmidons,
And rule o'er vanquished Thessaly.

—LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

LAMENT OF CATULLUS.

Suns rise to set and set to rise again ;
To us, when light is o'er,
One sleep that wakes no more
For ever and for ever shall remain.

—LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

The sun may set and yet again return ;
We, when our too short taper's light we burn,
On through one endless night must sleep,
While far off stars their vigils keep.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN'S DYING SOLILOQUY.

Whither—thou wandering, fondling sprite,
The body's mate and guest—
Soon must thou fly?
Wan, robeless, homeless, formless mite !
Thy mirth and wonted jest
With thee shall die.

—LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

Little, fragile, wandering breath,
The body's guest and friend,
Now whither dost thou tend?
Pallid, rigid, naked death
Not one more smile will lend.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

DIFFUGERE NIVES.

(*Horace, Odes iv.-vii.*)

The snows are fled : the grass restores the leas,
Their tresses deck the trees ;
Earth shifts the scene, and rivers as they sink
Flow past their brink ;
The Grace with Fays and sisters twain is bold
Unrobed the dance to hold.

“Remember death,” the year and moments say
That speed the gracious day.
Frosts yield to vernal gales, summer routs spring,
Summer soon perishing,
For, lo, when fruitful autumn yields his store,
Dull winter comes once more.
And yet the moons retrieve their loss on high,
But when we come to lie
Where the royal fathers of our race are laid,
We are but dust and shade.
Will heaven’s fair morrow lengthen, who shall say
The total of to-day?
Give, then, to thy good soul, the less so much
Thy hungry heir shall clutch.
Once thou art fall’n, and Minos at the last
Hath solemn sentence passed,
Naught shall avail, birth, goodness, eloquence,
To win Torquatus thence.
Nor Dian may from hellish gloom set free
The knight of chastity;
Nor Theseus the Lethean bonds dis sever
That hold Pirithous ever.

—F. E. T.



OCTOBER.

Glad month of reddening leaves and ripened fruit !
Now glow the trees in crimson and in gold,
Tall grasses wave upon the unmown wold,
With such soft joy as doth the season suit.

The mountain ash is bright with scarlet wealth,
And sombre fir-trees scatter dusky cones,
While the west wind, with low clear minor tones,
Plays in their branches, scattering scent and health.

Now underneath the slowly yellowing oak,
Might thrifty elves for winter gather up
Full many a tiny green engraven cup,
Wherewith to deck the board of fairy folk.

And mushroom growths there are might please them well,
That noiseless rise above the woodland moss.
Some crisped like coral, some a smooth round boss
Or a gnome's table pink as any shell.

A breath of still delight steals through the wood ;
The silver birch is quivering in the breeze,
And the great beech, most beautiful of trees,
Spreads golden wings of sheltering motherhood.

—ANNIE MATHESON.

NOVEMBER.

"The groundwhirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing."—D. G. ROSSETTI.

The last beech-leaves are yellow and sere,
And the twisted chestnut lifts
Boughs gaunt as death against the sky,
And down the ash-plume drifts.

With a sound of a wind that brings up rain,
A flight of larks o'erhead,
Wavering-winged, streams on and on
Out of the dying red.

And my heart would fain go with them far
Beyond the sunset gleam,
To where the unrisen Spring might make
November seem a dream.

But the wings that once with the lark would soar
Are faint and feeble now ;
And ah ! are these Hope's falling leaves
That drift against my brow ?

—G. E. D.

THE FIRST TIME.

One early Spring-twilight
In shadow we sat,
And spoke to each other
Of this and of that.

I was weary and tired,
I scarcely knew why,
But it seemed that an Angel
Of death had passed by.

A wild wind arising
Wailed in my ears,
And the rain on the window
Dropt slowly like tears.

The door on a sudden
Sprang open, and thro',
In the lamp-light, clear-smiling,
Whom saw I but—you !

Frank eyes clearly shining
'Neath dark-braided hair,
How my heart bade you welcome,
Thus ta'en unaware !

As a tender-lit morning
After long rain,
So did you dawn on me—
Dawn so again !

—G. E. D.

A SONNET.

When Grief had lost his ancient mastery,
One morn I wandered in a forest-dell,
Whose floor was tricked with many a trembling bell
And starry blossom, far as eye could see :
There grew white violet, pale anemone,
Sweet orchis—all the flowers she loved so well ;
But fast immured in some more secret cell
Sorrow lay bound, and these had not the key.
Anon I turned me where the woodman's axe
Had cleft an opening ; there by trunks laid whole
Stood piled-up faggots for the burning kept :
One waft of fragrance from the withered stacks
Reached me : a gust of anguish caught my soul ;
I bowed my forehead to the earth, and wept.

—JAMES RHODES.

WORDSWORTH.

Poets are stars ;—and some with eager eyes
Watch for one star that slowly mounts the skies,
And leads to lowly roofs where hidden lies
The Lord of all.

This star, our Wordsworth, shone while many lay
With eyes fast closed, or wandered all astray ;
This light shines on until the perfect day
Our sight recall.

Bright star, still beaming o'er the vales, the meres,
And mountain-tops, thy light this world endears,
To wise men watching ; for earth now appears
Heaven's entrance-hall.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

ST MORITZ IN JULY.

The vale has doffed her vesture white ;
Here in July the cuckoo sings,
And o'er the pastures flit the bright
Brown butterflies on poisèd wings.
On purple thistles crimson moths
Lie dreaming of their plighted troths,
Till dusk arouse them to their play ;
While bees intent on sweetness sip
Pale nectar from the violet's lip,
Or pierce through gentian bell their way.
The meadows, rich with campion pink,
Grow blue beside the moistened brink
Of foaming stream, and shining gold
Is scattered with a lavish hand,
While myriad insect eyes behold
The lovely Alpine summer land.
In coolest shadows of the mount,
In kindly hollows, snowflakes rest,
And, dying, feed from their pure fount
The crocus white for bridal drest.

Time hastens on ; while flowers are gay
Let us pluck some to bear away,—
Not the bright golden globe
That loves in marsh to live ;
Though rich its royal robe,
No fragrance can it give.

Nor cull the lover's blossom blue,
That fades, and, dying, leaves no trace
How fair was once its heaven-lent hue,
It has no still abiding grace.

Choose rather lowly thyme,

And in a poet's book

Let it by some sweet rhyme

Lie, that our fancy took.

Then will two treasures there be stored ;
A fragrant herb from green hillside,
And thoughts more precious that have soared
With wingèd words, nor could abide
Mute on this earth, like as when birds
Sang in the woods, and our own heart
Melted, and poured itself in words,
Thus Nature taught the poet art.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.



THE RAINBOW.

There are who live amid the snow,
For them no rainbow colours glow,
But wandering flakes, so wild and white,
Like aimless atoms, now alight,
Now flutter, as some windy gust
Drives them along in silvery dust ;
Hither and thither blindly hurled,
All colour, form, from this fair world
They steal away :—Ah, blame not those
For whom no gleaming rainbow glows,
Their hope is gone, and chilling doubt
Shuts them from heaven's great wonders out ;
They left the pleasant path below,
And climbing reached the barren snow ;
Some friendly hand may yet again
Lead them to where the freshening rain
Falls on the pastures, and the flowers
Smell sweeter after April showers,
And in each varied brilliant hue
Show forth the blessing of the dew.
Then hope shall fill their hearts again
Who see the sunbeam paint the rain,
And thoughts may freely upward rise
On that bright arch that mounts the skies.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

PALINGENESIS.

What is old age that cometh on so fast ?
'Tis the ripe fruit that only waits to fall
On withered leaves until some wintry blast
Sweep through the forest with its shrill stern call.

Chestnuts, rough-rinded, seek the earth again,
And children, tossing yellow leaves in play,
Find treasures, cleaving prickly balls in twain ;
They keep the nut and throw the husk away.

What is old age that cometh on so fast ?
'Tis but a husk, that hides the germ within ;
Death shakes the fruit, he blows the cruel blast,
That life may yet a richer harvest win.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

TO GABRIELLE VON B.

Who is under the beech trees playing,
Now and again from green boughs swaying,
Child Gabrielle?

Only an hour it was ago,
Out of a book, in accents slow,
You learnt to spell
English words for your English friends,—
One is so tall to you he bends
His head grown white ;
And as chestnuts 'gainst the Alpine snow
Your tawny locks that curling flow
Gleam warm and bright.

Time hurries on, there's no delaying—
Are you grown old, or still love playing,
Child Gabrielle?

Your merry laughter seemed to bring
Again my own forgotten spring ;
My eyelids fell,
And other voices, other sounds,
Beyond the present narrow bounds,
The chorus swell.

But you, who thought me idly dozing,—
Your little hand in mine enclosing
Broke through the spell.

May never dream be broken through
More rudely than by such as you,
 Child Gabrielle.
Life is a circle, incomplete,
Till youth and age together meet,
 And oft we tell
Of days when in the mountains whiling
You won our hearts with your beguiling,
 Child Gabrielle.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.



TOGETHER.

Τῶν μάλιστα διαφερόντων ἀεὶ καλλίστη ἡ ἁρμονία.

God's world is very wide,
And two may, side by side,
Up the steep moorland climbing,
While valley bells are chiming,
Each view a different scene.
Still holding loving hands,
One sees the wide corn-lands
And those that reap and glean.
While, looking towards the sky,
One sees the wild birds fly,
Driven by strange unrest
They wheel and leave the nest,
Then south unerring hie.
Her sight is bounded low,
While *his* doth wandering go
To join that wingèd band.
His eye would fain pierce through
The cloudy sky, to view
That far-off unknown land.
But oft their eyes will meet
In love that doth complete
Delight still new though old ;
With hands firm-clasped they turn,
And each from each shall learn
New visions to behold.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

MOST NEEDED, LEAST HEADED.

(English Hexameters after CLOUGH.)

"Beaucoup de gens ont de la reconnaissance pour les médiocres obligations ; mais il n'y a quasi personne qui n'ait de l'ingratitude pour les grandes."—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Not long ago, some ladies were offered the Sun as the
 subject
 Of a prize ode ; they agreed ; but soon, with feminine
 folly,
 Feminine fickleness, murmured and thought that the
 Moon would do better,
 Casting off one novel theme for a theme more original
 truly !
 Then once more they disputed, selected an umpire, and
 then the
 Fairest of those unfair ones by him was thus gently
 upbraided—

"Vindicem proles Niobe Solem
 Sensit."

"Wherefore this high glad theme disown ?
 Why let the sister gain a
 Triumph unchallenged ? Why postpone
 Apollo to Diana ?
She shines but with a borrowed splendour,
 Less needful and less bright ;
 Claim she has none except her gender,
 And contrast of the night.

Her early form is like a sickle ;
Her best part in the shade is,
As oft as not ; for she is fickle,
Like you and other ladies.

“ But Phœbus, with his light and heat,
Far-darting hath conferred
Soft fragrance on the violet ;
He paints the humming-bird.
From dazzled eyes his form he shrouds,
Refreshing us with rain—
Till, making sport of envious clouds,
He lists to shine again.
Did he not watch us like a father,
We should be, great and small,
Cold as your gratitude ; or rather,
We should not be at all.
E’en as a bridegroom, self-reliant,
He quits his chamber doors ;
And he rejoices as a giant
To run his daily course :
At least, he trudges uncomplaining
His oft-completed race,
Like Sisyphus. . . . But I am draining
The dregs of commonplace.
His last great work will make you laugh,
His best and his most splendid—
’Twill be to take the photograph
Of you and your intended.

“Yet, spurning the great god of noon,
 You praise what’s false and hollow ;
The crooked and untimely Moon
 Is set above Apollo.
E’en Brightness’ self, without a foil,
 You view with *mala fides*—
Like him who wished from Attic soil
 To banish Aristides.
Farewell : ’tis moonstruck folk that care for
 Fitful, not daily, mercies :
’Tis light, true light, you want ; mark, therefore,
 Read, learn, digest my verses.”

Gently, and often, with play on the top and a moral
 beneath it,
Masking his labour of love with misogyny Euripidean—
Gently, but firmly, he spake ; for he needed the craft of
 the serpent,
Giving to daughters of Eve, from the tree in the midst of
 the garden,
Fruit of knowledge and thought that might make them
 both wiser and sadder.

Wiser, if sadder, they heard ; and they learnt when most
 to be thankful,—
More to be thankful when strong than when painfully
 cured of an illness,
More when no battle is fought than when victory
 trumpets her pæan
(Vaunting the tale of her slain in the ear of the Lord of
 Sabaoth),

More when no ship has been wrecked than when none
but one's self is survivor,—
Most when thankfulness struggles submerged in the
water of Lethe,
Thankful for gifts and for joys least regarded because
most unchequered ;
Wiser, if sadder, they wrote ; and the Sun, not the Moon,
was the subject.

—LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.



THE MAGIC RIDE.

A little one climbed on my knee and said,
"Play with me now awhile,
Be a magic horse." I nodded my head,
And answered with a smile.

She mounted her magic steed and flew
Over seas and countries wild,
And all that I told was fresh and new
To ears of a simple child.

She saw it all with her dreamy eyes,
The treasures and wonders rare,
In lands where the magic courser flies
Over castles in the air.

But twilight fell, the little one slept,
And the magic ride was o'er,
For only while childish fingers kept
The reins could we freely soar

Through Poesy's playground on and on,
Where never a boundary lies ;—
The charm of the magic horse was gone
When closed were the childish eyes.

—BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. I. H.

Is he gone from us—gone past returning,
Where Echo is deaf to our call,
Tired out with his playing and learning,
That lately was stronger than all?
We loved him. Ah, yes, when he led us,
We rallied as one to his cheer,
The hero we looked for to head us,
Our chief without peer.

So simple, no child could misdoubt him,
Light-hearted himself as a child :
How dim were our triumphs without him,
How cloudless defeat when he smiled !
He is gone, and we know not the wherefore,
But surely our faith shall be this,
That he cares for the things that we care for,
Albeit in bliss.

Perchance in the timeless hereafter,
Forgetful of parting and pain,
We shall hear the sweet ring of his laughter,
And talk with our comrade again.
There will still be the look that endeared him,
The voice that gave life to the game,
And his love for the Sherborne that reared him
Will still be the same.

Ah, playmates, the hand that bereft us,
While yet there are goals to be won,
His gallant example hath left us
To nerve and to beckon us on :
Our trust in the right shall be surer
For deeds that together we dared,
And truer and nobler and purer
The life that he shared.

—E. M. Y.



CHALSE A' KILLEY.*

TO CHALSE IN HEAVEN.

(By the Author of "*Betsy Lee*.")

So you are gone, dear Chalse !
Ah well ! it was enough—
The ways were cold, the ways were rough—
O heaven ! O home !
No more to roam—
Chalse, poor Chalse !

And now it's all so plain, dear Chalse !
So plain—
The wildered brain,
The joy, the pain—
The phantom shapes that haunted,
The half-born thoughts that daunted—
All, all is plain,
Dear Chalse !
All is plain.

Yet where you're now, dear Chalse !
Have you no memory
Of land and sea,
Of vagrant liberty—

* Chalse a' Killey (Charles Killey) was a harmless vagrant in the Isle of Man, who, before the days of lunatic asylums, lived upon the charity of the country folk. One of his fancies was that Bishop Wilson had charged him to print a collection of Hymns (see last stanza).

Through all your dreams
Come there no gleams
 Of morning sweet and cool
 On old Barrule—
Breathes there no breath,
Far o'er the hills of death,
 Of a soft wind that dallies
 Among the Curragh sallies,
Shaking the perfumed gold-dust on the streams?
 Chalse, poor Chalse !

Or, is it all forgotten, Chalse ?
 A fever fit that vanished with the night—
 Has God's great light
Pierced through the veiled delusions,
The errors and confusions ;
 And pointed to the tablet, where,
 In quaint and wayward character,
As of some alien clime,
His name was graven all the time ?
 All the time !
 O Chalse ! poor Chalse !

Such music as you made, dear Chalse !
With that crazed instrument
That God had given you here for use—
You will not wonder now if it did loose
 Our childish laughter, being writhen and bent
 From native function—was it not, sweet saint ?

But when such music ceases,
'Tis God that takes to pieces
 The inveterate complication,
 And makes a restoration,
 Most subtle in its sweetness,
 Most strong in its completeness,
 Most constant in its meetness ;
And gives the absolute tone,
 And so appoints your station
Before the throne—
 Chalse, poor Chalse !

And yet, while you were here, dear Chalse !
 You surely had more joy than sorrow :
 Even from your weakness you did borrow
A strength to mock
The frowns of fortune, to decline the shock
 Of rigorous circumstance,
 To weave around your path a dance
Of “airy nothings,” Chalse ; and while your soul,
 Dear Chalse ! was dark
As an o'erwanèd moon from pole to pole,
 Yet had you still an arc
 Forlorn, a silvery rim
 Of the same light wherein the cherubim
Bathe their glad brows, and veer
On circling wings above the starry sphere—
 Chalse, poor Chalse !

Yes, you had joys, dear Chalse ! as when, forsooth,
Right valiant for the truth,

You crossed the Baldwin Hills,
And at the Union Mills,
Inspired with sacred fury,
You helped good Parson Drury
To "put the *Romans* out"—
A champion brave and stout—
Ah now, dear Chalse ! of all the radiant host,
Who loves you most ?
I think I know him, kneeling on his knees—
Is it Saint Francis of Assise ?
Chalse, poor Chalse !

Great joy was yours, dear Chalse ! when first I met you
In that old vicarage,
That shelters under Bradda ; we did get you
By stratagem most sage
Of youthful mischief—get you all unweeting
Of mirthful toys,
A merry group of girls and boys,
To hold a missionary meeting—
And you did stand upon a chair,
In the best parlour there ;
And dear old Parson Corrin was from home,
And I did play a tune upon a comb :
And unto us
You did pronounce a speech most marvellous,
Dear Chalse ! and then you said—
And *strooghed* the head—
" If there'll be no objection,
We'll now *purseed* to the collection "—
Chalse, poor Chalse !

And do you still remember, Chalse,
How at the Dhoor—
Near Ramsey, *to be sure*—
I got two painters painting in the chapel
To make with me a congregation?
And you did mouht the pulpit, and did grapple
With a tremendous text, and warn the nation
Of drunkenness ; and in your hand
Did wave an empty bottle, so that we,
By palpable typology,
Might understand—
Dear Chalse, you never had
An audience more silent or more sad.

And have you met him, Chalse,
Whom you did long to meet?
You used to call him *dear and sweet*—
Good Bishop Wilson—has he *taken you*
In hand, dear Chalse? and is he true,
And is he kind?
And do you tell him all your mind,
Dear Chalse,
All your mind?
And have you yet set up the press ;
And is the type in readiness,
Founded with gems
Of living sapphire dipped
In blood of molten rubies, diamond-tipped?
And, *with the sanction of the Governor*,
Do you, a proud compositor,
Stand forth, and *prent the Hemms*?
Chalse, poor Chalse !

MAXIMS ON EDUCATION.

He who would know desires not education, but he who would learn.

All extol the usefulness of knowledge. He only loves her who discerns her beauty.

The self-educated man approves not teaching; he would not that others should receive as a gift that for which he hath borne the burden and heat of the day.

He who fails hath less credit than he who attempts not; yet is he the wiser, for he hath at least learnt the difficulty of achievement.

We teachers owe our pupils somewhat; we learn more from their ignorance than they from our knowledge.

—WYVERN.

He that in age or in youth deemeth his instruction to be over and done, is himself undone.

'Tis with teaching as with religion; he that affirmeth that which he himself believeth not shall ere long lose credence for that which he believeth.

Let not him that teacheth the young strive overmuch that they which be taught shall love or shall hate him: that were to choose betwixt their scorn and their enmity.

It is well that he which teacheth should strive to be younger, and he that is taught to be older, so shall their minds meet more nearly as friends.

'Tis an idle blindness if one despise them that know

not less, but otherwise, than one's self; he only that is altogether without knowledge doth condemn any part thereof.—E. M.

Education is not more truly an evoking of capacity than a co-ordination of faculties; the cultured rose is the implicit presentment of the many in the one.

He that would stimulate the soul must sink to thrust with the sap, and soar to draw with the sun; the pruning-hook aids but by circumstance of direction and repression.

Emulation against adversaries is a necessary evil, against comrades a questionable necessity, against one's self an unquestioned good. In out-rivalled selves alone there lurks no rankling.

"I toiled at it, and I failed; I played with it, and I succeeded." Even so did the lush fruitage of the Sabbath crown the hidden travail of the Creation-week.

In the learner, wonder, reverence, retention; in the teacher, perspective, humour, honesty; in both, courage, *rapprochement*, freshness. But the choicest of these is freshness.—BUBBLES.

He who teaches himself is sure of a good pupil.

Few can teach, but all must be taught.

Learning, like money, if quickly gained, is apt to be quickly lost.—CATHERINE MORLAND.

Childhood's weakness must have a strong arm to rest upon. Yet he is the worst of trainers who leads his pupils to lean wholly on him, and he the best who enables his pupils to do without him.—ARA.

Education in childhood may easily be overdone ; the human mind is elastic, but, like all elastic substances, will rebound when the tension is removed, in proportion to its expansion ; precocity in childhood too often means puerility in manhood.—CANADA.

He that would educate others must begin, continue, and end by educating himself, and the good teacher has only one unruly pupil.

The teacher's *aim* may be that which accords with his ideal or assumed character ; his *influence* will be in accordance with his real character.

It is the teacher's misfortune to see tendencies, sternly repressed in himself, reproduced without check in his pupils ; and to wonder at habits which he himself has taught them to form.—CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD.

A shallow system of education tends to make original people commonplace, and commonplace people conceited.—PRIG.

Uncultured genius is a blind force of nature, moving by unknown laws—and terrible.

Education shapes all thought ; if the metal be poor, what wise man blames the mould ?

A wide range of thought is reached when each familiar object suggests its first cause.—E. L. M. H.

How many one meets who not only don't know a thing, but don't know they don't.

Of teachers, few take to it *con amore* ; most men do so for a period to gain time to consider what they will do next.—I. L. B.

If curiosity may justly be called the mother of knowledge, doubt must rightly be called its father ; out of curiosity we learn, by doubt are we led to search and prove what we have learnt.—A. M.

When the mind has understood one thing well, it will understand all things better.—F. W.

A single sentence taught thoroughly by intuition and reproduction does more good to a child than the whole grammar learnt mechanically by heart.

A child's mind and playground are a good teacher's gymnasium ; unless he knows both well, the child's welfare is imperilled.—F. LANGE.

The teacher's greatest failure is to reproduce himself, but the world hails it as his greatest victory.—BERGERAC.

The young are keen to detect injustice, and if punishment be awarded in proportion to the *consequences* of a fault rather than to its *nature*, it will fail in its effect.

—M. E. J.

Dirt is but matter in the wrong place. So, mischievousness is but misplaced invention, and obstinacy perverted will.—BE IN THE VAN.

He who depends upon a child's candour is likely to find the virtue on which he relies; he who assumes a child's dishonesty will too often sow the germs of that which he fears.

To treat children as unworthy of consideration is a cruel mistake; to behave as if they alone were to be considered is a mistake more cruel still.

—ANNIE MATHESON.

A common fault in even good teaching is to over-explain. More result is produced by merely suggesting, and so setting the young mind to work for itself, than by the most exhaustive of fine lectures. Something must always be left for the imagination.

Girls are best taught by men and boys by women. The teacher has more interest in the work, and the pupils more respect for the teacher.

Elementary education is meant to help people on in life generally; technical training to enable them to gain their livelihood by some special pursuit; accomplishments are taught to make girls attractive in society; only the ordinary, that is, the most highly reputed public school and University teaching, has no meaning and no purpose at all.—A. S.

Look that thou err not by serving out straw, lest thou waste thy substance, and the scholar come to make bricks as well as thyself.

Sadness beseemeth a student; therefore beware lest any wax merry.

Each will abundantly belaud himself ; refrain, then, thy commendation, and confine thyself to wise reproof.

“Segnius irritant animum demissa per aurem,

Quam quae dant ferulae manibus, tergoque flagellum.”

Take care of the quantities, and the quality may take care of itself.

Latin prose comprises the necessities, Latin verse the luxuries, Greek the crowning graces of culture. Manners and morals pertain to the home department ; “modern” studies and science to the schismatic and the infidel.

—THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Men say—In youth the memory is strong, let a boy learn how to think later on. Vain thought, he will but learn never to think.

There are who think and there are who do not : the one class will be wise though they cannot spell—the other fools, though possessing all knowledge ; yet the fool will often actually *do* best, in that, since most are fools, he is within men’s comprehension.—C. S. J.



EPIGRAM.

Ἄτλας ἄτλητος ;

VEL

MUNDUS CONTRA EDMUNDUM.

Old Atlas bore the world upon his back ;
The World supports young Atlas on his hack.
“ How heavy is the world ! ” old Atlas sighs ;
“ Yes, ’tis a heavy World,” the world now cries.

Idem Latine.

Fertur Atlas humeris mundum subiisse ; renidet
Noster Atlas Mundi munere factus eques.
Clamat “ Ohe ! ” senior nimio sub pondere ; “ ohe jam ! ”
Mundus ait, “ Mundo nil nisi pondus inest.”

—W. B.

SEMI-DEFINITIONS.

Sure, *Common-sense* is but *uncommon* sense,
And *Sensibility* too often means
An intellectual thin-skinnedness
That every gnat's sting tickles. As for me,
Most *Lectures* smack of resurrection-pie
Too strongly for my palate—that's my fault,
Perhaps, not theirs. Well, what a *Sermon* is
Depends on him that preaches, him that hears ;
Dry-bones of doctrine it to some may be,
To others water from the well of life ;
Who dare define it? Next, *Æstheticism*
Is worship of the sunflower—not the sun—
Of Art and Beauty. *Reciprocity*
Rather reminds one of the canny Scot's
“ *Claw me and I'll claw thee*,” applied to Trade.
So are your Definitions half-defined,
And half-defined is not defined at all,
And that Two Guineas goes to some one else,
Not your obedient

V. M. P. D. S.

* A prize was offered for the best definitions of the words in italics.

FABLE.

CENSORIOUSNESS WHITEWASHED.

(A FABLE NOT FOR COMPETITION.)*

Aut censores aut Cesar.

Once on a time were assembled the beasts from the lions
to the lizards,
All the beasts were assembled in council to choose them
a Pontiff,
Pontiff or Censor of morals, a Kingly Confessor, a sort of
Pope not with dogmas concerned—shall I call him a
Comtist Mikado?
Well, they elected the Dove ; who was liked by all races
of beast-kind,
Liked *too* much by the eagle ('twas whispered), but this
way or that way
Liked by all races of beasts, and thought a most club-
bable person.
“Worthy of empire, had he not reigned,” this Galba
Columbar
Suffered importunate clients to fare or to fail as they
listed,
Suffered the sparrows to build on the thinnest of twigs,
till his cooing
Sank in the roar of the tempest that dashed the poor
sparrows to pieces.
Moths of a physical bent, who inquired whence heat was
begotten,
Learnt from the Dove that the righteous unsinged might
enter a candle,—

* A prize had been offered for the best Fable on Censoriousness.

Learnt that Shadrach (long after !), when looking around
from his faggots,
Peacefully looking around and pleasantly cool in the
furnace,
Scathless would see all the stokers of Nebuchadnezzar
in ashes.

1

Straightway the Dove was expelled for his uncensorious
mildness,
Plucked of his honours and feathers ; and next him was
chosen the Parrot,
Chosen for gaudy attire and distinctness of articulation.
Hopes were conceived—and then lost ; for Poll, like an
echo, repeated
Everything, wise or unwise, that goose, bat, or donkey
had uttered.
So 'twas the reign of the Dove o'er again, with a difference
leastways :—
Poll had a beak and could use it ; if witless at least he
had power.
So, when the Parrot resigned, and when met the Pan-
therian Synod,
Power ('twas determined), upheld with a ruthlessness
Aristophanic,
Power should prevail in the hands of a Cynicocratical
Conclave ;
And the Voltaire of the beasts, the Democritus, laugher
of laughers,
Came, saw, and conquered the prize—the grinning, the
snarling Hyæna !

Cats were his Cardinals made, and foxes and jackals his
Bishops,
Each forecalled by the name of an unborn Cynic apostle—
Talleyrand, Machiavelli, La Rochefoucauld, Ecclesiastes !
Strange ! from this medley chaotic of cynics and censors,
where each was
Pulling (and teaching his neighbour to pull) his fellows to
pieces,—
E'en from this chaos uprose, like the land from the
deluge of Noah,
Worlds rich with spoils of the past and big with the
germs of the future.
Yet anon anarchy reigned, and the brutes were in brutal
disorder,
Until the keen-witted dog, the Eponymous Cynical
Prophet,
(Seeking to feather his nest—I mean to straw-carpet his
kennel,
Fain to have vermin preserved that *he* may give chase to
them, *he* the
King-maker, Courtier-in-chief!) asked aid of the junior
beast, a
Wan, timid, tailless and hairless, helpmeetless, forefoot-
less Gorilla,
Just then emerging from apedom, and lisping a feeble
“Homo sum.”
All stood aghast at the choice, but relented when, modest
and red with
Blushes (the first that had dawned on our planet), the
ape-man addressed them :

“ Doves are far pleasanter neighbours than foxes, hyænas,
or jackals ;

Yet have hyænas and jackals and foxes their worth and
their beasthood.

Cynics who make us, through knowing ourselves, more
indulgent to others,

Cynics, I think, and censors assuredly, all have their
function.

Censure o'erleaping itself is a fault ; yet faults on the
right side,

Faults that with virtues are joined (like tares with the
wheat) should be suffered.

Would you have thrift universal ? Forgive an occasional
miser.

Would you beware of your faults ? Put up with cen-
sorious critics.

Censure may paint us too black ; never fear, self-love
will add whitewash.

Yet,” he continued, as, watching his hearers and waxing
in courage,

Changing his mien and his tone as if some dread spirit
had seized him,

Doffed he his ill-fitting cloak with a Napoleonic alertness,

“ Even for critics themselves is a critic required ; for
their satire

Fails if remorseless or indiscriminate ; even as watches—
Watches are not yet invented, but tick in the womb of
the future—

Watches, if always too fast, bid their wearers make always
allowance !

Satire is pointless—or, pointed, divideth the joints and
the marrow !

Therefore fell the Hyæna, the Anti-Pope, Prophet of
Discord,

Thrust from his heaven to hell, like Lucifer, son of the
morning.

One way of safety remains. What you want is a censor
for censors ;

Critics are needed not now,—not in politics. Make me
your ruler

But for a year ; and I swear," said the renegade, hotly
protesting,

E'en with his protest disguising the thoughts new and
high that o'erswayed him,

Logic erratic disguising and counsel Mephistophelean,—
"Never thereafter shall censor or critic or cynic molest
you."

Gently he spake, with a simple and Garden-of-Eden
politeness,

Seemingly fain to resign the dictatorship, *truly* for ever
Lord of his kinsmen, the beasts, the sire of the embryo
butcher.

*What, then, is censure excessive? The last infirmity
clinging*

Most to the zealous,—the blot noble reformers retain.

*These, as they haste, look around ; each loiterer seems a
deserter ;*

*Did they not smite him, alas ! would there be progress
at all ?*

—LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

A P P E N D I X.

PROXIMES, AND NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

Page 4.

Two other versions of Victor Hugo are worth preserving :

By Mrs G. C. MACAULAY.

My darling, one year old but yesterday,—
I think, in listening to thy prattle gay,
Of little birds beneath their mother's breast
Twittering and chirping in their soft warm nest,
Glad to feel feathers grow,—with wondering looks.
Child of the rosy mouth ! in all those books
Whose pictures are thy joy, which to fulfil
Thy pleasure thou must crumple at thy will,
Are poems beautiful, but not worth thee,
When all thy small form thrills at seeing me.
Fairer than poets' works which most we prize,
The thought half-dawning dimly in thine eyes,
Thy strange and mystic dreams beyond our ken,
With angel ignorance regarding men ;—
God is not far, my child, since thou art here.

By ANNIE MATHESON.

You are a year old, darling, a year old yestermorn ;
You babble on, light hearted, as little birds new born,
Under the branches' shelter, deep in the warmest nest,
Open wide eyes and warble in joyous sweet unrest,
When first their tiny feathers, just peeping forth, begin.
My rosy-mouthed wee Janet ! I find fine verses in
Those big books that I bring you, whose pictures are your joy,
While, rumpling all the pages, your fingers you employ ;

But yet not one avails you when seized with such delight
 Your little body quivers as I come into sight ;
 Nor have most famous authors writ aught that could exceed
 The thought, but half unfolded, that in your eyes I read,
 Your vague, half-mystic, dreaming, more strange than words can say,
 When, ignorant as angels, you look on man to-day.
 Since you are here, my Janet, God is not far away.

Among the "fame-lit laurels" that wreath the brow of Victor Hugo, Mr Tennyson has not forgotten the title of "child lover." Mr Tennyson's own poem to his grandson, which heads his latest volume, is so like in motive that it would almost seem to have been inspired by "Petite Jeannette." Familiar as it will be to all, we are tempted to set the two side by side for comparison :

"Golden-haired Ally, whose name is one with mine,
 Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine,
 Now that the flower of a year-and-a-half is thine,
 O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine.
 Glorious poet who never hast written a line,
 Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine,
 May'st thou never be wronged by the name that is mine."

Both poets have caught the heart of childhood, that is all mirth, and its spirit-deeps of undeveloped mystery ; but in Hugo we have, beside, the Heaven that lies about us in our infancy ; and Tennyson has added the note of proud self-consciousness that distinguishes Ennius, Ovid, and Horace, but is rare in moderns. As an exact illustration of the second line, we may be pardoned for recalling a personal reminiscence. Mr Browning was visiting the Poet Laureate at Freshwater, soon after the birth of his eldest son, and, taking the boy from his father, who was not so well versed as he in handling infants, danced him up and down till the baby crowed with delight. "Go on, Browning," cried Mr Tennyson, "it's as good to the boy as a glass of champagne." To return to the translation, most have adopted the heroic couplet, but we doubt whether it best represents the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of Hugo's Alexandrines. Pope's rhythm is too stiff, and the *enjambements* of Keats have hardly yet been naturalised, and require taste and delicacy to avoid lapsing into unrythmical slipshod. Miss Matheson has with good

effect chosen the metre of the "May Queen." The difficulty of the odd line at the end is best surmounted by a triplet.

Page 9.

ANOTHER VERSION OF GOETHE'S SONNET.

By OUSEL.

A look of thine that lives within my eyes,
A kiss that thrills from thy lips to mine own—
Ah! who that these hath ever inly known
But must thereafter other joys despise?

Afar from thee, and shunned by friendly eyes,
My thoughts, unresting, round the world have flown,
Returning ever to that hour alone—
That only hour—ah! then my tears arise.

E'en as they fall, unfelt they dry away;
For lo! thy love throbs through this silence round,
To trust across the distance then, be mine.

Ah! take the sense of all my love would say,—
In thy good pleasure since my bliss is found,
May it please thee of thy grace to grant a sign!

I may safely lay down, at starting, that the exact metre of the original must be preserved. The only motive for departing from it is that, except according to the large licence claimed by the late Mr Spedding, it is not an English sonnet; but to make it into one would require a total reconstruction. I found it a hard task to decide between the claims of the first and second. "Ousel" distinctly leads in the first stanza, Mr Morshead's being marred by an imperfect rhyme (though it has Rossetti's sanction); in the second stanza the two are abreast, but after that Mr Morshead makes the running—"thy love throbs through this silence round," is strained, and hardly expresses "his love reaches even hither to thy solitude")—and Ousel's last line seems to me in the strain of an

Esther rather than a Helena. After all, I am inclined, with Palæmon, to say, *Et vitula tu dignus et hic*.

Several contributors have asked me to continue my "fair copies." I had tried my hand at the sonnet years ago, but I do not find that my version has improved by age ; and though I might fondly have commended it, I certainly should not have given myself the prize.

One look from thine eyes gazing into mine,
 One kiss from thy lips unto my lips grown,—
 Who that a certain heaven like this hath known
 Counts not all other joys but half divine?

Banished from thee, estranged from kith and kin,
 Far off I bid my resistless fancies roam,
 But still, like doves, they circle round their home,
 Thee and that hour : anon the tears begin.

E'en as I muse the tears again are dry :
His love can reach thee in thy solitude,
Is thine so weak to him it cannot fly?

Hear the faint breathing of a love-sick cry,
 Thy will is mine, my only earthly good
 Is thy good will ; one token, or I die !

Page 11.

A NOTE ON MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ'S LETTER.

The essential feature of this little passage is its rapidity. The whole incident occupied but a moment ; it is related in words that seem to have wings, and without a superfluous detail. Yet it is gracefully worded ; speed has not marred its finish. After noting when and where the incident took place, the writer breaks into the present tense, as being more rapid. Many of the translators fail to observe this, and also overlook the momentary transition to the past tense in *en fut versé*, more appropriate in describing the fall of a heavy travelling coach.

Page 15.

NOTES ON "A LANDSCAPE AFTER HOLBEIN."

"La Mare au Diable" is perhaps the most perfect of George Sand's minor works ; but it is hard to analyse, and harder still to reproduce, its special charm. It seems to me to lie mostly in the contrast, suggested rather than expressed, between the smoke and stir of the busy world and the placid calm of a country life. The book smells of the soil, and breathes of the open air. The extract given from the preface is pitched in the minor key. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground." The *quatrain* should of course be rendered into old English, and it gives the tone to the whole passage, which is studiously simple, though the language is not archaic, except where the words of the poem are quoted, a point which many of the translators failed to observe. Most, again, failed to see that some of the short sentences must be combined—that, for instance, "It is a fantastic figure, etc.," is not idiomatic English. Again, "collection" and "composition" do not correspond to the identical words in French, and the meaning must be brought out by a paraphrase. "In this series of designs, or, as we should rather style it, in this one great drama," is a verbose rendering ; but I cannot give the full meaning more succinctly.

Page 17.

ANOTHER VERSION OF "SCHÖNSTER TOD."

BY OUSEL.

The scarf about his breast he bare,
The banner in his hand waved free ;
The scarf was from his lady fair,
The banner from his own countree.

Dauntless he led the van, while clear
Uprose his lays that rang of steel ;
He sang of heroes' lives sold dear,
He sang of love and honour leal.

His chant breathed fire before the fight,
 With joy it swelled, the conflict o'er ;
 The banner still he reared aright,
 And still his breast the favour bore.

With flag and scarf he led the fray,
 In the last charge to victory ;
 The storm of war hath rolled away,
 And safe for aye his own countree.

But he, whose courage knew no peer,
 Drew on the field his latest breath ;
 The banner wraps the hero's bier,
 The scarf, the heart still true in death.

The veteran warriors gather near,
 With tear-dimmed eye, in mourning state,
 Yet through each heart re-echoes clear,
 Lo ! this the hero's noblest fate.

It is interesting to compare with Müller's poem the old Landsknecht song from which it is borrowed.

Kein schön'rer Tod ist auf der Welt,
 Als wer vor'm Feind erschlagen
 Auf grüner Haid', im freien Feld
 Darf nicht hör'n gröss Wehklagen
 Im engen Bett nur Ein'r allein
 Muss an den Todesreihen,
 Hier findet er Gesellschaft fein
 Fall'n mit wie Kräuter im Maien.
 Manch frommer Held mit Freudigkeit
 Hat zugesetzt Leib und Blute,
 Starb sel'gen Tod auf grüner Haid,
 Dem Vaterland zu Gute.

Kein schön'rer Tod, &c.
 Mit Trommelklang, und Pfeisengetön
 Manch frommer Held ward begraben,
 Auf grüner Haid gefallen schön,
 Unsterblichen Ruhm thät er haben.

Kein schön'rer Tod, &c.

*Page 19.*AN ALTERNATIVE VERSION OF RENAN, BY MRS
HERTZ AND MRS GEORGE MACDONELL.

TO THE PURE SOUL OF MY SISTER HENRIETTE.

Art thou—now resting in God's bosom—yet mindful of those long days at Ghazir, where, with thee for my sole companion, I wrote these pages, that breathe of the scenes we had visited together? In silence thou wouldst sit beside me, reading over and straightway re-copying each successive sheet, while sea, hamlets, ravines, mountains, lay spread beneath us. When the overpowering light of day had given place to the countless starry host, thy penetrating and subtle questions, thy gently-urged perplexities, would lead me back again to the sublime object of our common thoughts. Thou saidst one day that this book would be dear to thee, both because thou hadst been by at its making, and because it was after thy heart. If, at times, thou didst fear for it the narrow judgments of the frivolous, yet wert thou none the less convinced it would, in the end, find favour with all truly devout souls. Amidst these sweet meditations, Death's wing smote us both; the unconsciousness of fever fell upon us in the same hour; I awoke alone! . . . Thou sleepest now in the land of Adonis, near holy Byblos and the sacred waters, wherewith the women of the ancient mysteries were wont to mingle their tears. Reveal to me, O pure spirit, to me, thy once beloved, those truths that transcend death, deprive it of terror, and all but make us love it.

Page 21.

ANOTHER VERSION OF LECONTE DE LISLE.

By "L. S."

With chaplets of thyme and sweet marjoram crowned,
The elves they dance in a merry round.

Lo, from the woods where the wild deer feed,
Forth rides a Knight on a coal-black steed.

H

Spurs of gold in the darkness gleam,
And oft as he crosses a stray moonbeam,
Sparkles of silver that flash here and there
Shew us the helmet above his long hair,
With chaplets of thyme, &c.

Round him they flutter and swarm, as light
As summer moths in the silent night.
—Bold Knight! Bold Knight! In this hour serene,
Whither so late? said the young fairy queen;
Spirits of ill o'er the forest keep ward—
Come, dance with us here on the cool greensward.
With chaplets of thyme, &c.

—Nay, for my bride with her soft eyes, he said,
Is looking for me, and to-morrow we wed.
Elves of the green, I pray, let me pass,
Dancing your round on the flowery grass.
Keep me not here from my love far away,
For see, already is breaking the day.
With chaplets of thyme, &c.

—Stay Sir Knight, and thy hand shall hold
Magic opal and ring of gold—
And, richer than fame or than fortune, the boon
Of my robe that was wove by the light of the moon.
—Nay, said he.—Go then!—And back see him start,
To feel her light finger that touches his heart.
With chaplets of thyme, &c.

And away, without waiting the spur, his black steed
Bounds in mad galop, nor slackens his speed.
But, shuddering, his rider droops forward—when, lo!
A white form glides forth on the way he must go,
Noiseless, with arms spread to meet him. And he,
—Elf, spirit, demon! Stand off from me!
With chaplets of thyme, &c.

Stand off from me, hateful phantom, I say !
 I wed my fair bride with the soft eyes to-day.
 —O Bridegroom beloved, the grave, said she,
 Our marriage-bed for ever must be.
 'Tis a ghost you behold.—And thus, as she said
 With love and despair the Knight too fell dead.
 With chaplets of thyme, &c.

According to Goethe, translators are Dame Quicklys who set forth to us the charms of a half-veiled beauty, and so awake an irrepressible passion for the original. I hope that J. R. and L. S. will fulfil their function thus defined, and send many readers of the *Journal* to Leconte de Lisle. He is not a popular poet in France, and in England he is hardly known ; yet his *Poèmes antiques* and his *Poèmes barbares* have a *cachet* of their own, and his tropical scenes—the jungle, the desert, the sleep of the condor, the *manchy*—are unique. There is an appropriateness, though unintentional, in De Lisle's poetry succeeding Renan's prose. As Baudelaire has somewhere remarked, there is a strong affinity between the poet and the historian. They both have the same keen and impartial curiosity for various forms of faith, and the same quick eye to seize the beauty and catch the meaning of strange scenes and alien types. The present poem is a page of Scandinavian mythology, and, perfectly as De Lisle has caught its spirit, yet a Latin tongue lends itself with difficulty to what is purely a Teutonic creation, and when compared with the *Erlkönig* or even *Goblin Market*, it seems a *tour de force*. Again, the interest of the ballad is wholly pictorial. The Knight and his murdered bride are but as figures in a landscape of Claude or Poussin. The dance of the Elves is the picture on which the eye rests. The initial difficulty in the translation is a choice of metre. Some have adopted the irregular octosyllables of Scott, and there is much in the poem that recalls Scott, but the jingle hardly suits the even cadence of the original. A more successful experiment was the Spenserian stanza of X. Y. Z.

“ His glitterand armour shined far away,
 Like glauncing light of Phoebus' brightest ray,”

is quite in De Lisle's manner.



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